



Requiescat in Pace.

Sleep here in peace!
To earth's kind bosom do we tearful take thee;
No mortal sound again from rest shall wake thee;
No fever throb, no grief that needs assuaging,
No tempest burst, above thy head loud raging.
Sleep here in peace!
No more thou'lt know the sun's glad morning
Shining;
No more the night that stoops serene above thee,
Watching thy rest, like tender eyes that love thee.
Sleep here in peace!
Unknown to thee the spring will come with
blossom;
The frost above thee in soft verdure dressing;
Unknown will come the autumn rich and
mellow,
Sprinkling thy couch with foliage golden yellow.
Sleep here in peace!
The cold wind almost cuts us in two,
And whisks the snow into our faces, nearly
blinding us. My finger-tips are be-
coming numb, icicles hang from my
mustache and beard, and my feet and
legs are soaking wet, even through my
shooting-boots and stout leather leg-
gings.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

The Story of a Mother's Love.

The fire burns cheerily on the hearth,
The great logs crackle and flare up the
wide chimney, up which it is my wont
to say you could drive a coach and four.
I draw my chair nearer to it with a
shiver.
"What a night!" I say.
"Is it still snowing?" asks my wife,
who sits opposite to me, her books and
work on the table before her.
"Fast. You can scarcely see a yard
before you."
"Heaven help my poor creature on the
moor to-night!" says she.
"Who would venture out? It began
snowing before dark, and all the people
about know the danger of being be-
nighted on the moor in a snow-storm."
"Yes. But I have known people fro-
zen to death hereabout before now."
"It is incredible to hear," I tell my
wife, and all I inform her that it is past
eleven. As she lights her candle at a
side-table I hear a whining and scratch-
ing at the front door.
"There is Laddie loose again," says
she. "Would you let him in, dear?"
I did not like facing the cold wind,
but could not refuse to let in the poor
animal. Strangely enough, when I
opened the door and called him, he
wouldn't come. He runs up to the door
and looks into my face with dumb in-
tensity; then he runs back a few steps,
looking round to see if I am following;
and finally, he takes my coat in his
mouth and tries to draw me out.
"Laddie won't come in," I call out
to my wife. "On the contrary, he
seems to want me to go out and have a
game of snow-ball with him."
She throws a shawl round her and
comes to the door. The collie was here
before we were married, and she is al-
most as fond of him, I tell her, as she is
of Jack, our eldest boy.
"Laddie, Laddie!" she calls; "come
in, sir."
He comes obediently at her call, but
refuses to enter the house, and pursues
the same dumb pantomime he has al-
ready tried on me.
"I shall shut him out, Jessie," I say;
"a night in the snow won't hurt him,"
and I prepare to close the door.
"You will do nothing of the kind,"
she replies, with an anxious look; "but
you will rouse the servants at once and
follow him. Some one is lost in the
snow, and Laddie knows it."
I laugh.
"Really, Jessie, you are absurd. Lad-
die is a sagacious animal, no doubt, but
I cannot believe he is as clever as that.
How can he possibly know whether any
one is lost in the snow or not?"
"Because he has found them, and I
come back to us for help. Look at him
now!"
I cannot but own that the dog seems
restless and uneasy, and is evidently en-
deavoring to coax us to follow him; he
looks at us with pathetic entreaty in his
eloquent eyes. "Why won't you be-
lieve me?" he seems to ask.
"Come," she continues; "you know
you could not rest while there was a
possibility of a fellow creature wanting
your assistance. And I am certain Lad-
die is not deceiving us."
"That is a poor hen-pecked man to do
I grumble and resist and yield; as I have
often grumbled and resisted and yielded
before, and as I doubtless often shall
again.
"Laddie once found a man in the
snow before, but he was dead," Jessie
says, as she hurries off to fill a flask with
brandy, and get ready some blankets for
us to take with us. In the meantime I
rouse the servants. They are all Eng-
lish, with the exception of Donald the
gardener, and I can see that they are
scarcely skeptical of Laddie's sagacity,
and inwardly disgusted at having to turn
out of their warm beds and face the bit-
ter winter's night.
"Dinna trouble yersels," I hear old
Donald say. "The mistress is right
enough. Laddie is cleverer than most
money. A Christian, and will find some-
thing in the snow this night."
"Don't sit up, Jessie," I say, as we
start; "we may be out half the night on
this wild-goose chase."
"Follow Laddie closely," is the only
advice she makes.
The dog springs forward with a joyous
bark, constantly looking back to see if
we are following. As we pass through
the avenue gates and emerge on to the
moor, the moon struggles for a moment
through the driving clouds, and lights
up with a sickly gleam the snow-clad
country before us.
"It's like looking for a needle in a
bundle of hay, sir," says John, the coach-

man, confidentially, "to think as we
should find anybody on such a night as
this. Why, in some places the snow is
more than a couple of feet thick, and it
goes against reason to think that a dumb
animal would have the sense to come
home and fetch help."
"Bide a wee, bide a wee," says old
Donald. "I dinna ken what your Eng-
lish dogs can do; but a collie, though it
hasn't been 'pleasing to Providence to
give the creature the gift o' speech, can
do mony mair things than them that
would deride it."
"I ain't a derider o' em," says John.
"I only say as how if they be ever so
clever, I've never seen it."
"Ye wull, though, ye wull," said old
Donald, as he hurries forward after Lad-
die, who has now settled down into a
swinging trot, and is taking his way
straight across the loneliest part of the
bleak moor.
The cold wind almost cuts us in two,
and whisks the snow into our faces, nearly
blinding us. My finger-tips are be-
coming numb, icicles hang from my
mustache and beard, and my feet and
legs are soaking wet, even through my
shooting-boots and stout leather leg-
gings.

The moon has gone in again, and the
light from the lantern we carry is barely
sufficient to show us the inequalities in
the height of the snow, by which we are
guessing at our path. I began to wish I
had stayed at home, and I begin to con-
sider whether I may venture to give up
the search (which I have undertaken
purely to satisfy my wife, for I am like
John, and won't believe in Laddie), when
suddenly I hear a shout in front of me,
and see Donald, who has all the time
been keeping close to Laddie, drop on his
knees and begin digging wildly in the
snow with his hands. We all rush
forward. Laddie has stopped at what
appears to be the foot of a stunted tree,
and after scratching and whining a
moment, sits down and watches, leaving
the rest to us. What is it that appears
when we have shovelled away the snow?
A dark object. Is it a bundle of rags?
Is it—or else? Is it a man being?
We raise it carefully and tenderly, and
wrap it in one of the warm blankets
with which my wife's forethought has
provided us.
"Bring the lantern," I say, huskily,
and John holds it over the prostrate form
of, not as we might have expected, some
stout shepherd of the hills, but over that
of a poor, shriveled, wrinkled, ragged
old woman. I try to pour a little of the
brandy down the poor old throat, but the
teeth are so firmly clenched that I cannot.
"Best get her home as quickly as may
be, sir," the mistress will know better
what to do, if so be the poor creature is
not past help," says John, turning in-
stinctively, as we all do in sickness or
trouble, to woman's aid.
So we improvise a sort of hammock
of the blankets, and gently and tenderly
the men prepare to carry their poor,
helpless burden over the snow.
"I am afraid your mistress will be in
bed," I say, as we begin to retrace our
steps.
"Never fear, sir," says Donald, with
a triumphant glance at John; "the mis-
tress will be up and waiting for us. She
knows Laddie dinna bring us out in the
snow for naething."
"I'll never say naught about believ-
ing a dawg again," says John, grace-
fully striking his colors. "You were
right and I was wrong, and that's all
about it; but to think there should be
such sense in an animal passes me!"
As we reach the avenue gate,
I dispatch one of the men for the doctor,
who fortunately lives within a stone's-
throw of us, and hurry on myself to
prepare my wife for what is coming.
She runs out into the hall to meet me.
"Well?" she asks, eagerly.
"We have found an old woman," I
say; "but I do not know whether she is
alive or dead."
My wife throws her arms around me
and gives me a great hug.
"You will find dry things in your
dressing-room, dear," she says; and this
is all the advice she takes on me for my
skepticism. The poor old woman is
carried up stairs and placed in a warm
bath under my wife's direction; and be-
fore the doctor arrives she has shown
some faint symptoms of life; so my wife
seems quite satisfied. Dr. Bruce shakes his
head when he sees her.
"Poor old soul," he says; "how came
she out on the moor on such a fearful
night? I doubt she has received a shock,
which at her age she will not easily get
over."
They manage, however, to force a few
spoonfuls of hot brandy-and-water down
her throat; and presently a faint color
flickers on her cheek, and the poor old
eyeballs begin to tremble. My wife
raises her head and makes her swallow
some cordial which Dr. Bruce has
brought with him, and then lays her
back among the soft warm pillows.
"I think she will rally now," says Dr.
Bruce, as her breathing becomes more
audible and regular. "Nourishment
and warmth will do the rest, but she
has received a shock from which, I fear,
she will never recover;" and so saying,
he takes his leave.
By-and-bye I go up to the room and
find my wife watching alone by the aged
sufferer. She looks up at me with tears
in her eyes.
"Poor old soul," she says; "I am
afraid she will not rally from the cold
and exposure."
I go round to the other side of the bed
and look down upon her. The aged face
looks wan and pinched, and the scanty
gray locks which lie on the pillow are
still wet from the snow. She is a very
little woman, as far as I can judge of her
from her recumbent position, and I should
think must have reached her allotted
three score years and ten.
"Who can she be?" I repeat, wonder-
ingly. "She does not belong to any of
the villages hereabouts, or we should

know her face; and I cannot imagine
what could bring a stranger to the moor
on such a night."
As I speak a change passes over her
face; the eyes unclose, and she looks in-
quiringly about her. She tries to speak,
but is evidently too weak. My wife
raises her head and gives her a spoonful
of nourishment, while she says soothingly:
"Don't try to speak. You are among
friends; and when you are better you
shall tell us all about yourself. Lie still
now and try to sleep."
The gray head drops back wearily on
the pillow; and soon we have the satisfac-
tion of hearing by the regular respira-
tion that our patient is asleep.
"You must come to bed now, Jessie,"
I say. "I shall ring for Mary, and she
can sit up for the remainder of the night."
But my wife, who is a tender-hearted
soul and a born nurse, will not desert
her post; so I leave her watching, and
retire to my solitary chamber.
When we meet in the morning I find
that the little old woman has spoken a
few words, and seems stronger.
"Come in with me now," says my
wife, "and let us try to find out who she
is."
We find her propped into a reclining
posture with pillows, and Mary beside
her feeding her.
"How are you now?" asks Jessie,
bending over her.
"Better, much better, thank you, good
lady," she says, in a voice which trem-
bles from age as well as weakness.
"And very grateful to you for your
goodness."
I hear at once by the accent that she
is English.
"Are you strong enough to tell me
how you got out on the moor, and where
you came from, and where you were go-
ing?" continues my wife.
"Ah! I was going to my lad, my poor
lad, and now I doubt I shall never see
him more," says the poor soul, with a
long sigh of weariness.
"Where is your lad, and how far have
you come?"
"My lad is a soldier at Fort George;
and I have come all the way from Liver-
pool to see him, and give him his old
mother's blessing before he goes to the
Indies."
And then, brokenly, with long pauses
of weakness and weakness, the little old
woman tells us her pitiful story.
Her lad, she tells us, is her only re-
maining child. She had six, and this,
the youngest, is the only one who did not
die of want during the Lancashire
cotton famine. He grew up a fine, likely
boy, the comfort and pride of his moth-
er's heart, and the stay of her declining
years. But a strike threw him out of
work, and unable to endure the priva-
tion and misery in a fit of desperation
he "list." His regiment was quar-
tered at Fort George, and he wrote regu-
larly to his mother, his letters getting
more cheerful and hopeful every day;
until suddenly he wrote to say that his
regiment was ordered to India, and beg-
ging her to send him her blessing, as he
had not enough money to carry him to
Liverpool to see her. The aged mother,
widowed and childless, save for this one
remaining boy, felt that she must look
on his face once more before she died.
She begged from a few ladies, whose
kindness had kept her from the work-
house, sufficient money to carry her by
train to Glasgow; and from thence she
had made her way, now on foot, now
begging a lift in a passing cart or wagon,
to within a few miles of Fort George,
when she was caught in a snow-storm,
and wandering from the road, would have
perished in the snow—but for Laddie.
My wife is in tears, and Mary is sob-
bing audibly as the little old woman con-
cludes her simple story; and I walk to
the window and look out for a moment
before I am able to ask her what her
son's name is. As I tell her we are
but a few miles from Fort George, and
that I will send over for him, a smile of
extreme content illumines the withered
face.
"His name is John Salter," she says;
"he is a tall, handsome lad, they will
know him by that."
I hasten down stairs, and write a
short note to Colonel Freeman, whom I
know intimately, informing him of the
circumstances, and begging that he will
allow John Salter to come over at once,
and I dispatch my groom in the dogcart
that he may bring him back without loss
of time. As I return to the house, after
seeing him start, I meet Dr. Bruce leav-
ing the house.
"Poor old soul," he says; "her
troubles are nearly over; she is sinking
fast. I almost doubt whether she will
live till her son comes."
"How she could have accomplished
such a journey, at her age, I cannot un-
derstand," I observe.
"Nothing is impossible to a mother,"
answers Dr. Bruce; "but it has killed her."
I go in; but I find I cannot settle to
my usual occupations. My thoughts
are with the aged heroine who is dying
up stairs, and presently I yield to the
fascination which draws me back to her
presence.
As Dr. Bruce says, she is sinking fast.
She lies back on the pillows, her cheeks
as ashy gray as her hair. She clasps
my wife's hand in hers, but her eyes are
wide open, and have an eager, expectant
look in them.
"At what time may we expect them?"
whispers my wife to me.
"Not before four," I answer in the
same tone.
"He will be too late, I fear," she says;
"she is getting rapidly weaker."
But love is stronger than death, and
she will not go until her son comes. All
through the winter's day she lies dying,
obediently taking what nourishment is
given to her, but never speaking, except
to say:
"My lad, my lad! God is good; he
will not let me die until he comes."
And at last I hear the dogcart. I lay

my finger on my lip and tell Mary to go
and bring John Salter up very quietly.
But my caution is needless; the mother
has heard the sound, and with a last
effort of her remaining strength she raises
herself and stretches out her arms.
"My lad! my lad!" she gasps, and
with a great sob she springs forward, and
mother and son are clasped in each
other's arms once more.
For a moment they remain so. Then
the little old woman sinks back on my
wife's shoulder, and her spirit is looking
down from heaven on the lad she loved
so dearly on earth.
She lies in our little churchyard under
a spreading yew-tree, and on the stone
which marks her resting-place are in-
scribed the words: "Faithful unto
Death."
Our Laddie has gained far-spread re-
nown for his good work, as far as I am
concerned, and his short record of a tale of
which he is the hero, he lies at my feet,
our ever watchful, faithful companion
and friend.

Death of "Captain Jack."

A correspondent of the San Francisco
Chronicle thus gives the particulars
of the death of a somewhat famous
Western rover: Last month, while
traveling through southern Idaho, I
saw one night on Mul creek, near the
Snake river, and turned my horse
out with those of two freighters to
nibble the scanty blades of bunch grass
on the sagebrush desert. Near by stood
a looking, or cabin, occupied by two men
of perhaps fifty-five or sixty years of
age. They were partners in a mining
claim, and having just received a couple
of kegs of the "water of all evil" from
Boise City, they were having a sort of
blow-out. Both claimed New York city
birthplace. One of them, William
H. Maynard, had been a clerk in the
New York post-office years ago, and
ever since had been knocking around the
Pacific coast. The other was known
throughout Idaho as "Captain Jack,"
chief of the Modocs. He seemed to be
a very intelligent man in his way, and
related many incidents concerning the
early history of California—in fact, he
seemed to be better posted in regard to
early times in the Golden State than any
writer whose works I have as yet run
across. He claimed to have first landed
in San Francisco in 1844; to have been
one of the originators of the bear flag,
and afterward one of the first to hoist
the stars and stripes. James McKeever,
he said, was his real name, and that he
had a wife and children still living at
Santa Rosa, and a brother at New
Bedford, Mass. The next morning I went
to the sagebrush about six or eight
miles to hunt my horse, and when I re-
turned, old man Maynard came out of
the cabin and volunteered the information
that he had shot Captain Jack, say-
ing that the latter drew his pistol on
him, and that he [Maynard] then blazed
away with his shot-gun. I entered the
cabin and found that Maynard had told
the truth. There on the bed lay Cap-
tain Jack with the right side of his neck
shot away, and his six shooter lying
across his stomach. Maynard claimed
that Captain Jack started in to shoot
him, and that he simply saved himself
by getting in the first shot. A justice
of the peace was summoned, who just-
ified the shooting, and we gave Captain
Jack a decent burial as was possible
in that isolated and uncivilized locality.

In the Woods of Nevada.

A book agent of this city has just re-
turned from the Boney Lake country.
The agent one day stopped at a cabin
situated in the edge of the foot-hills.
After reaching the cabin about a dozen
dogs of assorted sizes and unrecognizable
breeds started up from under stunted
pines or came running from sheds about
the place, yelping and barking like a
pack of coyotes. In the wake of the dogs
swarmed forth seven or eight bareheaded,
flaxen-haired children, plainly all of one
breed—the forest breed. The juveniles
were followed by a gaunt, saffron-com-
plexioned woman of about forty. By
cooking for many years before an open
fireplace, she had become as effectively
smoke-cured as any herring.
To the woman who thus appeared the
agent made known his business.
"Well, stranger, I'm afeard yer come
to the wrong place of yer got nothin'
but books to sell. Ef yer want a
powder or caps, or suthin' in the amercian
line, yer might sell some to my old
man. As fer books, stranger, we're not
much on the read here."
"Could I see your husband, ma'am?"
asked the book agent.
"Well, stranger, I reckon yer could ef
yer was whar he is; he's big enough to
see."
"He's not at home, then?"
"Stranger, he's not at home."
"Will he be likely to return soon?"
"Can't say, stranger; he's a little on-
agatin."
"Which way has he gone? I may meet
him somewhere in the settlement."
"I reckon not, stranger; he's gone out
hunting."
"Gone out hunting! What do you
mean by that?"
"Well, stranger, he took down the gun
this mornin', and from a wink he gave
me he was started away, I calculate he's
gone off somewhere to bang a sheep or
two."—Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise.

He Burned His Fingers.

A New York hotel-keeper with a great
amount of self-confidence than good
judgment went down to Wall street a
few weeks ago with \$70,000. Of course
the brokers were glad to see him. They
had long been in search of just such a
man. They gave him "puts," "calls,"
"straddles," and ever so many other
things alleged to be good for making
money, and after he had meddled with
them three weeks he had lost but only
five dollars left of his \$70,000. He put
craps on his hat, and left the ball and
bear precinct never to return. He also
put a mortgage on his hotel!

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Here One Year Old.
The best laying hens are those one
year old—fowls that were hatched the
previous season in April and May.
Hens two and three years old lay about
twenty-five per cent. less eggs than those
but one year old; consequently the best
way for all fowl-breeders is to raise
chickens every season to be the layers
of the next year; and to kill all the old
stock regularly between December and
February of each year. It is doubtful
whether it be profitable to keep fowls
without a run for them over grass land.
A small yard with grass in it soon be-
comes soiled and the grass all picked off;
and then the hens begin to lay fewer
eggs, and the result generally is that
there is no profit in fowls thus confined.
It seems to be the nature of barnyard
fowls to require a moderate run of some
twenty or thirty rods from their roosting
house, to keep them active and healthy
by searching for insects. A dozen hens
and one cock in a quarter acre yard
would do well; but if confined in a
yard twenty or thirty feet square they
would not be profitable, unless their
feed should almost entirely consist of
the waste of the family table. From a
half of grain is consumed in a year by
every fowl at a cost of about \$1, when
no waste from the table is given to them,
and good breeds, as the Brahmas, Ply-
mouth Rocks, Leghorns and Hamburgs,
will lay annually each about one hun-
dred and fifty eggs, if not closely con-
fined, worth in most places from \$2 to
\$3. Then a family having fifteen or
twenty fowls may have poultry to kill in
the winter worth \$50 at least, by raising
chickens and killing the surplus roosters
and the old stock, as above stated; and
thus poultry keeping is certainly profit-
able. The light Brahmas and Plymouth
Rocks are much better table fowls than
the Leghorns and Hamburgs, the latter
being small and chiefly valuable for
laying.—T. B. Miner, in New York
World.

The Size of Milk Pans.

Dairymen have of late years used large
milk pans, in some cases a single pan
being large enough to hold all the milk
from fifteen or twenty cows. These pans
are made by those who furnish dairymen's
supplies, and are often advertised in the
agricultural papers. When such pans
are used, it is best to have a milk-room
so constructed that the milk may be kept
under the pans. Mr. Willard, the most
experienced man in dairy matters in the
United States, says in the Rural New
Yorker: "We prefer to have a pan of
sufficient size to hold the milk of the en-
tire dairy at one milking. Only four
pans comprising the set would then be
needed. These pans are arranged for
running cold water under and about the
sides of the milk. If running water from
springs cannot be had, the water may be
pumped from wells into a tank, and from
that conducted to the space under the
pans. Some persons use eastern water,
the needed quantity from day to day
being pumped into a tank, which receives
a cake of ice sufficient to cool it and keep
the milk in the pans at or below sixty
degrees. The waste water, after flowing
under the milk, is led back to the cistern,
and by this constant circulation is kept
sweet and sound. The plan works well,
and excellent results in butter-making
are obtained."

Points of a Good Cow.

Professor Tanner says: The udder
should be capacious, extending well be-
hind the legs, and also forward under
the belly; the coat should be thin, with
a soft skin, and show considerable de-
crease in size at the udder. The udder
tests should be placed well apart from
each other and not cramped to-
gether, for this indicates a want of sym-
metry in the udder. The udder may
appear large and yet be found fleshy
rather than capacious. Especial atten-
tion is desirable to the mellowness of
the skin, and more particularly if the
animal is poor. The milk vein is a sure
indication of the quantity of blood sup-
plied, and for all practical purposes may
be taken as a guide.

Saved by a Parasol.

The Millerville (Ga.) Reporter says:
A little colored girl, nine years of age,
daughter of Samuel Phelps, was passing
over the railroad bridge which spans
Fishing creek near the depot, with a
large parasol stretched over her head,
when the blast struck her, and in a
moment she was swept off the bridge and
was falling to the earth sixty feet below.
A lady who saw the affair from a short
distance off, says that she went down
hanging to the umbrella which was
stretched over her head like a parachute.
The handle broke just before she reached
the ground. Several persons went to her
assistance immediately, and were doubt-
less surprised to find her alive. She was
not only alive, but comparatively little
injured, as the doctor who attended her,
told the writer that her worst injury was
a severe sprain of one of her ankles, with
possibly a fracture of one of the smaller
bones. Her preservation from death is
probably owing to the fact that the para-
sol acted as a parachute, and that she fell
on a hard bush three or four feet high.

Large Interest and Dividends.

The New York Dispatch says: The
heaviest amount in the way of interest
and dividends upon stock and bond se-
curities paid to any one man in this city,
and probably in the United States, if not
in the world, is paid to William Vanden-
bilt. The total is estimated at about
\$1,500,000 per quarter, or between \$5,
000,000 and \$7,000,000 per annum, of
which some \$4,000,000 is received from
bonds and stocks of the New York
Central railroad. So vast a total income
is believed to be, by those who have
good means for knowing, without a
parallel, except in the case of Mr. Van-
derbilt's father, the commodore, who at
times realized even a larger income than
\$7,000,000.

BULLET AND TORCH!

A Bloody Conflict in Pittsburgh, Pa.—Scores
of Lives Lost and Millions in Property
Destroyed—Philadelphia Militia Rescued
All Night and Driven Out of the City by
an Enraged Crowd Numbering Thousands.
The following description is given of
the terrible scenes enacted in Pittsburgh,
Pa., during the great riot: The First
brigade of Philadelphia militia was in-
trenched in the round house of the depot
at Twenty-eighth street, where they had
taken refuge after firing and killing a
number of the rioters. The riot in the
vicinity of Twenty-eighth street was at
its height, and the whole city was
illuminated by the great sea of fire that
was surging in the order yards of the
Pennsylvania road. The First brigade
was closely besieged by a motley crowd
of several thousand men, while fully
30,000 spectators crowded the streets
and swarmed over the heights overlooking
the railroad. A constant fire of
musketry was kept up, and every few
minutes some one fell, either killed or
wounded.
At three o'clock A. M. a twelve-pound
gun was taken by the mob and turned
on the round house, and firing began,
but without doing any damage. In the
meantime persistent efforts were being
made to fire the round house by running
burning trains against it, but these efforts
failed. By daybreak some ten persons
had been killed or wounded, in addition
to those killed and wounded in the after-
noon fight. But few people went to bed
during the night and but few slept.
Terror seized all peaceably-disposed citi-
zens in the lower portion of the city and
in Allegheny. A general pillage and
confounding were feared. The scene
among the rioters was indescribable.
At three o'clock cars of merchandise of
every description were broken open and
their contents carried away by men,
women and children or given to the
flames. Barrels of oil would explode,
and long lines of flame like serpents
would rush along the tracks licking up
everything combustible in their path,
frigorific cargoes and adding to the
general terror and destruction. Out of
the roar of the hungry flames came
the rattle of musketry and the sharp re-
ports of revolvers and Springfield rifles,
and over all was heard the hoarse roar
of awful imprecation from the ten thousand
thousands of men maddened by blood
and drink and revenge, the burden of which
was "Death to the Philadelphia sol-
diers"—the devoted nine hundred
hundred men on three sides by roaring
torrents of fire and pelted with cannon
shot and small arms. There was danger
everywhere. Women with children in
their arms were shot down; the gunners
of the attacking party were picked off
by the sharpshooters of Brinton's com-
mand, and fell about their piece of
artillery, to be carried off to the hospi-
tals or the undertakers' offices. Shots,
yells, jeers and cheers mingled with the
groans of the dying and the sharp cries
of the wounded, while the flames surged
an leaped high in air or swept down to
the ground in long lines like oases be-
fore the blast, until it seemed as if the
infernal region itself had yawned and
turned loose its hosts in the heart of the
city.
At last the sun rose, blood-red, through
a vast canopy of smoke that overhung
the city, and found the mob at a white
heat of fury. Word was passed along
the ragged lines of the besiegers that
the round house must be fired. Com-
bustibles were arranged on cars and a
burning train at last sent toward the
building. At twenty minutes past eight
the fire from the burning freight cars
communicated with the upper round
house, in which seventy freight engines
were stalled, and the building and its
contents were speedily destroyed. The
value of this property is estimated at
\$1,000,000. The roofs fell in in twenty
minutes, and the building is a mass of
ruins. At half-past eight the Union line
office caught fire, and in fifteen minutes
it was destroyed. The houses on the
south side of Liberty street also took
fire, and then, at last, the engines were
allowed to play on the flames and extin-
guish them.
When the round house took fire, either
to burn or retreat were the only alterna-
tives left for General Brinton's com-
mand. One attempt to escape met with
a repulse, but after a little, arrangements
were made for a second sally. Forming
in close column, the brigade sallied out
of the main entrance, with guns loaded
and bayonets fixed, and moved at double
quick down Liberty to Twenty-fifth
street, where they turned toward Penn.
Here a running fight began. There was
a scattered volley of small arms, when
suddenly Brinton's command opened a
murderous fire with a Gatling gun, mow-
ing great gaps through the dense crowd,
killing ten or twelve and wounding twice
as many. The soldiers, too, were being
stricken down. At Penn street they
turned toward the United States arsenal
and retreated rapidly, but in tolerable
order, pursued by the mob. Reaching
the arsenal, they attempted to enter, but
the Federal commandant refused to per-
mit them, and they continued their re-
treat to and beyond Sharpshooter, six
miles from the city. Twelve soldiers
were reported killed and twenty or thirty
wounded, the casualties being nearly
equal on both sides.
In the meantime the city was in a state
of anarchy, and thousands who had not
joined in the pursuit of the fleeing
troops gathered about the burning build-
ings and trains and assisted in spreading
the flames wherever they had not ther-
efore been applied. By seven o'clock
the fire had extended from Millville
station to Twentieth street and enveloped
hundreds of cars, the extensive machine
shops, two round houses, the depot and
office of the Union Transfer Company,
blacksmith shops, store houses and
numerous other buildings making up
the terminal facilities of this mammoth
corporation. In the round houses were
one hundred and twenty-five first-class

locomotives, which had been housed in
consequence of the strike, and these
were totally destroyed. But even the
immense loss which will be sustained in
this item is but a trifle in the aggregate
damage done.
The scenes transpiring on Liberty
street, along the line of which the tracks
of the railroad run, simply beggar de-
scription. While hundreds were en-
gaged in firing the cars and making cer-
tain of the destruction of the valuable
buildings at the outer depot, thousands of
men, women and children were engaged
in pillaging the cars. Men armed with
heavy sledges would break open the cars,
and then the contents would be thrown
out and carried off by those bent on
profiting by the reign of terror existing.
The street was almost completely block-
aded by persons laboring to carry off the
plunder they had gathered together. In
hundreds of instances wagons were
pressed into service to enable thieves to
get away with their goods. Mayor Mc-
Carthy early in the day endeavored to
stop the pillage, but the handful of men
at his command were unable to control
the crowd, who were desperate in their
anxiety to secure the goods. The pillage
was checked, but the mob fired the cars,
and then proceeded with the work of de-
struction.
Some of the scenes, notwithstanding
the terror which seemed to paralyze
peaceable and orderly citizens, were
ludicrous in the highest degree, and no
one seemed to enjoy them with greater
zeal than those engaged in the wholesale
plunder. Here a brawny woman could
be seen hurrying away with pairs of
white kid slippers under her arms;
another, carrying an infant, would be
rolling a barrel of flour along the side-
walk, using her feet as the propelling
power; here was a man pushing a wheel-
barrow loaded with white lead; boys
hurried through the crowd with large-
sized family Bibles as their share of the
plunder, while scores of females utilized
aprons and dresses to carry flour, eggs,
dry goods, etc. Bundles of umbrellas,
fancy parasols, hams, bacon, leaf-lard,
calico, blankets, laces and flour were
clashed together in the arms of robust
men, or carried on hastily-constructed
hand-barrows.
From the time the military fled up to
two o'clock in the afternoon no effort had
been made to check the riot. The mob
worked very quietly, and it was a notice-
able fact that few of the railroad em-
ployees were engaged in the work of de-
struction. Here and there a man who
had been discharged might be seen lead-
ing a crowd, but generally the ringleaders
were men who had never been employed
on any railroad. Many half-grown boys
were foremost in the work of devastation,
and vied with the older ones in their
efforts. The operations were carried on
very quietly, and the multitude of men,
women and children, who filled the
streets and occupied positions on the
hillsides south of the railroad, looked on
with astonishment while the destruction
of property continued.

Pressing Flowers.

The little schoolma'am, a few days
ago, was showing the children how to
press flowers; and she passed around
two specimens, in perfect condition,
which were pressed last summer. Per-
haps your Jack may as well give you a
hint of it.
Her plan is to take a sheet of thin cot-
ton-batting and lay the flowers carefully
on it, covering them with another sheet,
and then putting the whole under slight
pressure. Sometimes, when the flowers
are thick, and contain a good deal of
moisture, she puts them in fresh cotton
the next day, and after that does not
disturb them. But in pressing nearly
all the small flowers, the cotton need not
be changed at all, and not even opened
until the flowers are pressed.
I noticed that the little schoolma'am
pressed flowers in a very bright light.
She groups the long-stemmed ones pretti-
ly in vases, or lays them between sheets
of thin glass, and hangs them in her
windows in the winter, she says. They
haven't at all the poor, pinched, faded,
faded look of flowers prepared in other
ways.
The little schoolma'am presses green
leaves and ribbon-grass in the same way,
keeping their color perfectly; and she
told the children that when they wanted
to lay a number